Sweetest Perfection

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/769784.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Trans Character, Oral Sex, Scar Kink, Knife Wound, Cannibalism, Trauma
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2013-04-22 Words: 2,021 Chapters: 1/1

Sweetest Perfection

by Elektra Pendragon (elekdragon)

Summary

Trauma can open the mind. Shared trauma can bind people together. Repeated shared trauma... Now that made things almost too easy.

Notes

Someone kept spamming the Hannibal Kinkmeme with repeated requests for girl!Will. This is what came to my mind. I assume a more modern attitude for our dear doctor in this new guise.

The smell of gunpowder was always unpleasant, the chemicals adding an acrid sting to the charming aroma of flesh-spilled blood. It was why Hannibal preferred the blade, or an arrow if necessary. It left the meat untainted.

The killer, a young Mr. Nevins, had preferred the blade as well, especially as he buried it into Will's side. It was only his momentary distraction--a groan of pleasure as hot blood splashed his fingers--that allowed Hannibal to drag Will away, bending them out of range as Jack emptied four precise shots into his heart.

The knife fell to the ground, leaving its gaping hole in Will's side. Hannibal ripped open the ugly plaid shirt to reveal the wound. It was vicious. Not nearly enough blood gushed from the tear to indicate an artery hit, but it was too close to so many vital, soft parts. Bunching some of the fuzzy soft plaid that had come off in his rush, Hannibal pressed it tightly to the wound. His eyes wandered over Will's chest to be sure there were no other injuries.

Across his chest, nearly imperceptible, snaked two long, finely carved scars. They followed the natural curve of his chest, long-healed and serving as a clean, sharp contrast to the jagged mouth vomiting blood from his side.

The surgeon had been a master, a sculptor of flesh, not a butcher. To the average eye, the scars would be invisible. Even up close, in the most intimate of encounters, it would be nothing more than the shadow in the curve of muscle. Exquisite. Only a practiced eye would spot the marks and know. Hannibal traced one line, pressing enough to feel the hardened tissue beneath as he pressed harder into the gaping wound.

Will groaned, twisting his neck as his hands clenched the air and his eyes focused on a distant point.

Jack was screaming over his shoulder, calling out commands with the same breath he used to try bland platitudes on Will. Hannibal remained silent, watching the blood rush over his hand, the velvet warmth engulfing his mind as he felt the flow ebb. Will's eyes blinked, then shifted to meet Hannibal's gaze.

He didn't need to say a word.

****

Most people would have looked at Will differently after discovering his past, seeking those parts that gave away his genetics. *The twist of his lips, perhaps? The occasional crack in his angry voice?* But those people were simple-minded fools. Hannibal had counseled patients through transitions across all spectrums, physical and metaphysical, and he knew just how powerful the human mind could be. Genes meant nothing, let alone a piece of paper upon which an exhausted doctor checked a box best matching the shape of one's newborn genitals. Once the mind understood consciously what was wrong, what was causing all that fear and strife, there was no need to be a slave to genetics. All that was needed was to reshape the body, and the mind healed.

Hannibal thought of Will's flesh being trimmed, fat and glands removed, then simply tossed away. He admired the carver's skill, and deplored the waste. Sweet Will, he deserved to be served with the finest wine, on the most delicate of china. Barely cooked, no seasoning, just his bright taste engulfing the pallet. A shame to waste anything so perfect and so rare. If it had been Hannibal's knife, every piece would have been savored.

He wondered at how the scars had healed so cleanly, how they would taste different from all other flesh. So rarely did he dine on such delicate work. Once he had flayed the surgical marks from a neurotic, aged model who had been convinced that medical science could reclaim her youth. Her meat was stretched thin and tasted weak. The scars were knots of gristle to be tossed to her yapping mutts.

But Will's scars? They teased of a more powerful flavor, marred and married skin over toughened muscle. To tear it apart with his teeth, to swipe his tongue beneath the excised skin, to lift the flap of muscle and feel the heart so close...

These were the thoughts that filled his mind when he looked at Will.

****

Strange, that there was no record Hannibal could find of Will's treatment or surgery.

He had so wished to meet the surgeon, to learn the master's secrets before teaching them the true price of waste. There was a recipe he had wanted to try, and such skilled hands would have made a far better meal than the rude nurse he had delivered as a gift to sweet Will. If only she'd been kinder... Ah, but now she'll bring strength back to the man's gaze, far better than she would have alive.

Will complimented the chef, even as he greeted the woman's replacement.

There was a reason Will wasn't a Special Agent. The screening was too strict. Even Uncle Jack couldn't hide Will's so-called faults from the FBI. And Jack had done such a good job of hiding so many of them.

A pure empath. A finder of killers. An artist of imagination and murder. a genius. A man born with the physicality of a woman. There were only so many gifts they could find useful. The rest, they found to be burdens.

The more fool them.

****

Trauma can open the mind. Shared trauma can bind people together. Repeated shared trauma... Now that made things almost too easy.

Hannibal would have been petulant, save for the long aching nights he suffered as he had imagined Will's taste, turning all he ate to ashes in comparison to the Ideal. That it was tortured weeks rather than years made it a tender reward for his efforts, opening Will's mind and letting Hannibal get so close, he could taste him.

He did taste him.

Will's mouth opened sweet, wet, hot to lick at Hannibal's questing tongue, teasing and begging and commanding him to push deeper, to explore and savor the ghost of tastes he had dreamed about. How he had dreamed, but the reality was far better. Longing, hunger, and lust burned against his tongue like citrus, making everything sharper, cleaner, more pure. Grounded in the first flavors that burst across his senses, he slid his fingers into Will's messy curls, catching at the scalp with his fingernails.

Will moaned and tilted up into his embrace, making the most of the height difference to explore the low plane of his spine, the swell of his ass, twisting well-tailored fabric tight across his arousal. Hannibal slid his other hand down Will's chest, remembering the scars, remembering the blood, and he had to push his hips forward against Will's stomach as the burst of arousal made it nearly painful.

Will pulled back, sucking in a breath as he strained against the hand in his hair. "Stop," he panted.

Hannibal stilled, controlling the instincts that screamed at him to just take, to give in and relish his prize. He forced his hands to unwind, releasing his grip on Will to take a step back. "I'm sorry, I must have read you wrong--"

"No, it's not that. It's really not that. I just..." Will's eyes were at the ground, the wall, the ceiling, charmingly awkward.

"Have you ever been with a man before?" Will scrunched his face to complain at the implication, but Hannibal raised his hand. "I mean, post-transition."

That brought Will's gaze momentarily to his mouth, as though he were trying to verify what he had heard. "What?"

Hannibal took a chance, reached out and rested his hand against the raised line of scar tissue at his side. It did not close nicely, was still red and rough. At one point, the surgeon miscalculated--or perhaps it was pure laziness--and created a sharp hitch in the stitches, raising an unseemly pucker at one end that constantly pulled when Will lifted his arm. In time, it would continue to heal and wear down, but it was a butcher's cheap work next to the beauty of those faded, older scars.

"I have seen you without your shirt many times, Will. This just made me look closer."

"I didn't know you knew," Will wondered, his eyes focusing on Hannibal's forehead.

"Trying to read my mind? You should know by now that I am not what you expect me to be."

Will took a step forward, back into Hannibal's space, twisting his hips to encourage his hand to slide down and curl against his lower back. "I wasn't expecting this."

Hannibal continued to fold Will into his embrace, bringing his other hand forward to cup him roughly. He could feel the soft outline of a limp cock, but as he pressed harder Will

shuddered to rut against him. "I, for one, have thought of nothing else."

Hannibal squatted down in front of Will, one hand palming him, keeping that pressure going even has he stilled his hip with the other. "May I?" he asked, and waited for a bitten-lip nod to proceed.

The belt and button came easily, but the cheap metal teeth clung and stuck as he worked the zipper open. Hannibal tugged the material down, taking his underwear and the soft, warm bulge with it as he peeled them to his thighs, revealing the short, fat, proud cock jutting between Will's vulva.

Hannibal ran his thumb down the blade of Will's hipbone, rubbing a tiny scar just above his pubic bone. Then he ran his hand back up inside his shirt to press against the swollen scar at his side. He looked up, surprised to find Will's eyes meeting his own. There was no hesitation now in those eyes, no fear, just the hunger he'd licked from Will's lips only moments before. He smiled up at him, then Hannibal bent his head to suck dear Will's cock into his mouth.

The flavor was thick, skin and sweat and that unique tang that was entirely Will. His mouth filled with saliva, his jaw aching to bite the tender mouthful, but he swallowed instead, sucking hard and letting Will's whimpers bleed off the raging need as he indulged in a different kind of feast. He bathed his mouth and face in the enticing flavor. Hannibal breathed in deeply, surrounded entirely by the scent of Will. No cologne, just this tender, salty flesh that caused Will to moan.

Fingers scrabbled at Hannibal's ears, his cheeks, looking for a polite landing spot until Hannibal finally caught them in his own, planting them onto the sides of his head, holding them there. He pulled back, not too much, enough to expose a tiny bit of the saliva-slick shaft as he breathed out through his nose. Will's hands finally clenched in his hair, and he thrust his hips forward to ground his pelvis into Hannibal's face. He sucked him hard, lapping at the tip in reward, enjoying the clarity the bright burst of pain brought.

Hannibal brought a hand up between Will's thighs, squeezing the skin below his cock, rubbing the labia together tightly as he rolled the flesh between his fingers. Will stuttered his hips, fucking into Hannibal's mouth as his orgasm built up. Hannibal pinched the skin hard, focusing his efforts until he pushed Will over that final edge.

Hannibal gave him a final lick before standing to support Will as he rode out the last few aftershocks. Once those hazy eyes cleared, Hannibal guided him over to the couch, carefully divesting him of pants and shoes. His shirt, he slowly unbuttoned and peeled away from his chest. The ugly, swollen scar hung like a fat caterpillar below his ribs, but Hannibal pressed his lips to it, the imperfect groove, testing the flavor against that of Will's more intimate skin. He slowly worked his way up, tasting each rib, each muscular divot, until his lips found a strange inversion.

It was smooth, surrounding an almost imperceptible edge, but these lips had tasted many wounds, and knew the mark of a scalpel well. He kissed it, traced it with his lips, then opened his mouth to run his tongue against the perfectly healed scar.

Exquisite.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!